Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.
Marcus. *Titus*, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.
Satur. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell?
Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.
Satur. Romaines doe me right.
Patricians draw your swords and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.
Lucius. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
Titus. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.
Bassian. *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.
Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?
Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe returne to *Rome*,
The people will accept whome he admits.
Titus. Tribunes I thanke you, and this suite I make,
That you create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose vertues will I hope,
Reflect on *Rome* as Tytans rayes on earth,
And ripen iustice in this common weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say, long liue our Emperour.
Marcus. An. With voyces and applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeans we create
Lord *Saturninus Romes* great Emperour.

And

And say, *Long liue our Emperour* Saturnine.
Saturni. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,
To vs in our election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentlenes:
And for an onset Titus to aduance
Thy name, and honorable familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart,
And in the sacred *Pathan* her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?
Titus. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me highly honoured of your Grace.
And heere in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our common weale,
The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate,
My sword, my Chariot, and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy *Romes* imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.
Satur. Thankes noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these vnspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealtie to me.
Titus. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your honour and your state,
Will vse you nobly and your followers.
Satur. A goodly Lady, trust me of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou comst not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.

Rest